

room in the rear, which served in the treble capacity of office, bedroom and kitchen. Each time I detained him by raising some new point and presently my nostrils were assailed with the odor of something burning. The merchant took the scent at the same moment and, cutting a sentence short, made a wild rush to the kitchen. In a moment he emerged holding a frying pan in his hands.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he gave me a malignant look, "while I've wasted my time talking to you my sausages have been burned to a crisp!" He threw four blackened sausages into the street, following them to their muddy resting-place with a word that begins with a big "D," as they say in "Pinafore."

One of the most picturesque characters in the down-town district at that time was James Moore, a druggist, who dispensed drugs and chemicals at A. J. Langley & Co.'s, at the corner of Boomerang Alley and Yates Street. Mr. Moore was an Englishman of rather retiring manners. He was amiable and good-natured to a fault, and was never known to turn his back upon a glass of good brandy or rum; in which genial habit he was not alone. To his intimates he was known as "Jem" Moore; to mere acquaintances as Moore; to the general public as Dr. Moore. As a druggist he had few equals, and as prescriptions were charged at the rate of from \$2 to \$5, it will be understood that the profits were large and that Moore earned the liberal salary that was paid him. Moore did not live at or